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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
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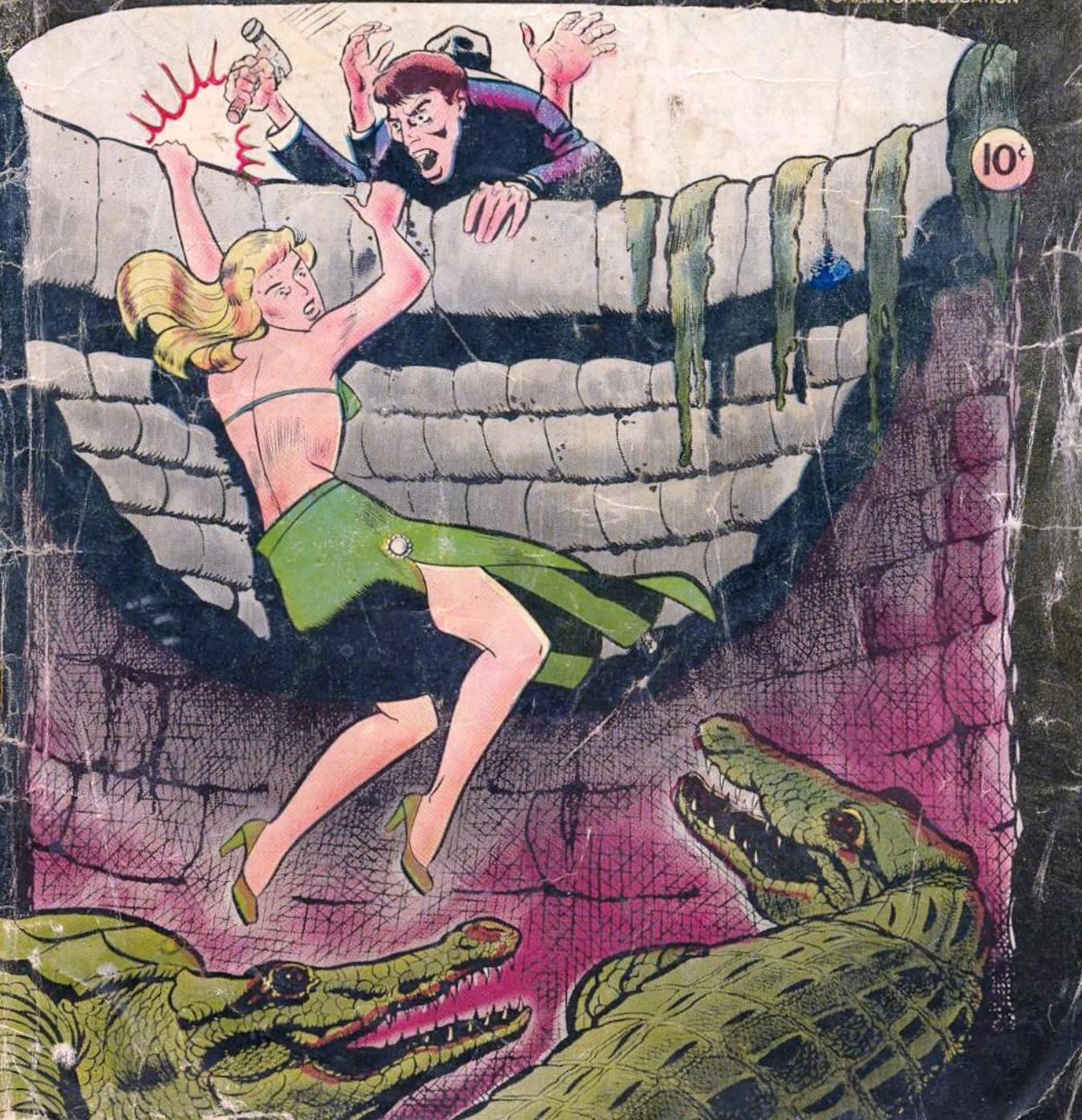
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WHO WILL HE BE?

GO AHEAD... (GASP) ... KILL ME AS YOU HAVE KILLED ALL THE OTHERS WHO PLOTTED AGAINST YOU! BUT KNOW THIS... THE DAYS OF A *TYRANT* ARE NUMBERED! TOO LONG HAVE YOU OPPRESSED THE PEOPLE! SOON--

I AM AMUSED. I AM VASTLY AMUSED...

I ADMIT I AM A TYRANT! IT IS MY PLEASURE TO RULE HARSHLY... BUT I AM A TYRANT WITH BRAINS. A TYRANT WHO REALIZES THAT EVERY MOMENT OF THE DAY, NEW PLOTS ARE BEING HATCHED AGAINST MY LIFE! SO I HAVE TAKEN SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS...

"OURS IS A SMALL COUNTRY ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF AFRICA, BOUNDED ON ONE SIDE BY TOWERING MOUNTAINS, ON THE OTHER BY THE CRASHING SEA. THE POPULATION IS NOT VAST. MY SECRET POLICE HAVE COMPLETE DOSSIERS ON EVERYONE. ALL KNOWN AGITATORS ARE UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE..."

"AT REGULAR INTERVALS, ALL PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD ANY SOCIAL INTERCOURSE WHATSOEVER WITH ANY KNOWN AGITATORS, ARE PLUCKED OFF THE STREETS..."
W-WHAT HAVE I DONE?
THAT IS WHAT WE AIM TO FIND OUT!

...AND DRAGGED TO THE PALACE DUNGEONS WHERE THEY ARE CRAMMED INTO CELLS SO SMALL THAT FOR THE THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS THEY SPEND THERE BEFORE INTERROGATION, NOT ONE OF THEM HAS ROOM TO LIE DOWN TO SLEEP!"

SINCE I AM A TYRANT, I NEED NO WARRANTS TO ARREST THE CURS. AND THERE ARE NO LAWS TO PREVENT ME FROM USING MY SPECIAL MEANS OF INTERROGATION! SO NATURALLY, THE GUILTY ONES CONFESS--AND THEIR LEADERS, LIKE YOURSELF, ARE IMMEDIATELY APPREHENDED AND PUT TO DEATH!

B-BUT HOW DO YOU INTERROGATE THEM? MY FELLOW-PLOTTERS WERE ALL STRONG MEN, FIRM IDEALISTS CAPABLE OF RESISTING TORTURE---
HOW...? IT IS SIMPLE! SO VERY SIMPLE. WE DEPRIVE THEM OF SLEEP!

"ONE BY ONE, AFTER THE THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE INTOLERABLY CROWDED CELL, THEY ARE DRAGGED TO THE ***INTERROGATION CHAMBER***, WHERE THEY ARE SEATED ON A HIGH STOOL UNDER THE PITILESS GLARE OF AN UNSHADED BULB..."

"HOUR AFTER HOUR, WE KEEP THEM THERE, QUESTIONING, QUESTIONING... ALWAYS QUESTIONING... NEVER LETTING THEM SLEEP!"

"OUR INTERROGATORS ARE ALWAYS FRESH. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY REPLACED. THEY KEEP QUESTIONING PATIENTLY ---ALWAYS HOLDING OUT THE SIMPLE REWARD OF ***SLEEP*** AS PAYMENT FOR THE DESIRED INFORMATION..."

SO OMAR IS DEAD. BUT THE PEOPLE KEEP SQUIRMING RESTIVELY UNDER THE CRUEL TYRANT'S HEEL. AND, NOW A NEW PLOT IS BEING HATCHED...
I TELL YOU THIS PLAN IS FOOL-PROOF! THE TYRANT WILL DIE!
B-BUT WHAT IF ONE OF US IS PICKED UP BY THE SECRET POLICE? WHAT THEN...?

THAT IS THE CHANCE... WE WHO OPPOSE THE TYRANT... MUST TAKE!

WITH EACH PASSING DAY, THE EYES OF THE PLOTTERS GROW BRIGHTER!
EVERYTHING GOES SMOOTHLY. ONE OF OUR MEN WILL BE ASSIGNED TO THE TYRANT'S PERSONAL GUARD NEXT WEEK. HE WILL STRIKE ON THURSDAY!

BUT FATE IS CRUEL--AND A SHORT HALF-HOUR LATER---
WH-WHAT HAVE I DONE?
THAT IS WHAT WE AIM TO FIND OUT!

THEY WON'T GET A WORD OUT OF ME!... NOT A WORD!

TH-THIS CELL... SO CROWDED... C-CAN'T EVEN LIE DOWN! THREE DAYS... THREE NIGHTS... NO SLEEP!
YOU! TIME FOR YOUR INTERROGATION!

NO ONE IS AWARE--BUT EVEN NOW HE WHO IS SMALLER THAN THE NAIL ON A MAN'S THUMB AND HAS WINGS FOR SWIFTNESS, HAS ENTERED THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER!

AND, A MOMENT LATER, HE STRIKES!
QUICK--THE WATER! YUSIF HAS DOZED OFF!

WE CAN'T AWAKEN HIM!
IS HE DEAD?
SPLASH

NO! B-BUT HE JUST WON'T WAKE UP! AND IT'S NOT JUST A FAINTING SPELL, EITHER!

FOR MANY HOURS THE INTERROGATORS WORK FEVERISHLY OVER THE PLACIDLY SLEEPING YUSIF--BUT TO NO AVAIL! AND, AT LAST, THURSDAY DAWNS...

AND, WITH THE DAWN---
M-MY OWN GUARD! N-NO! NO! AAAARGH!
DIE... TYRANT!

AND HE WHO IS SMALLER THAN THE NAIL ON A MAN'S THUMB AND HAS WINGS FOR SWIFTNESS, FLIES INDOLENTLY OVER THE DESPAIRING INTERROGATORS. HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE HAS STRUCK A MIGHTY BLOW FOR FREEDOM. HE WILL NEVER KNOW...

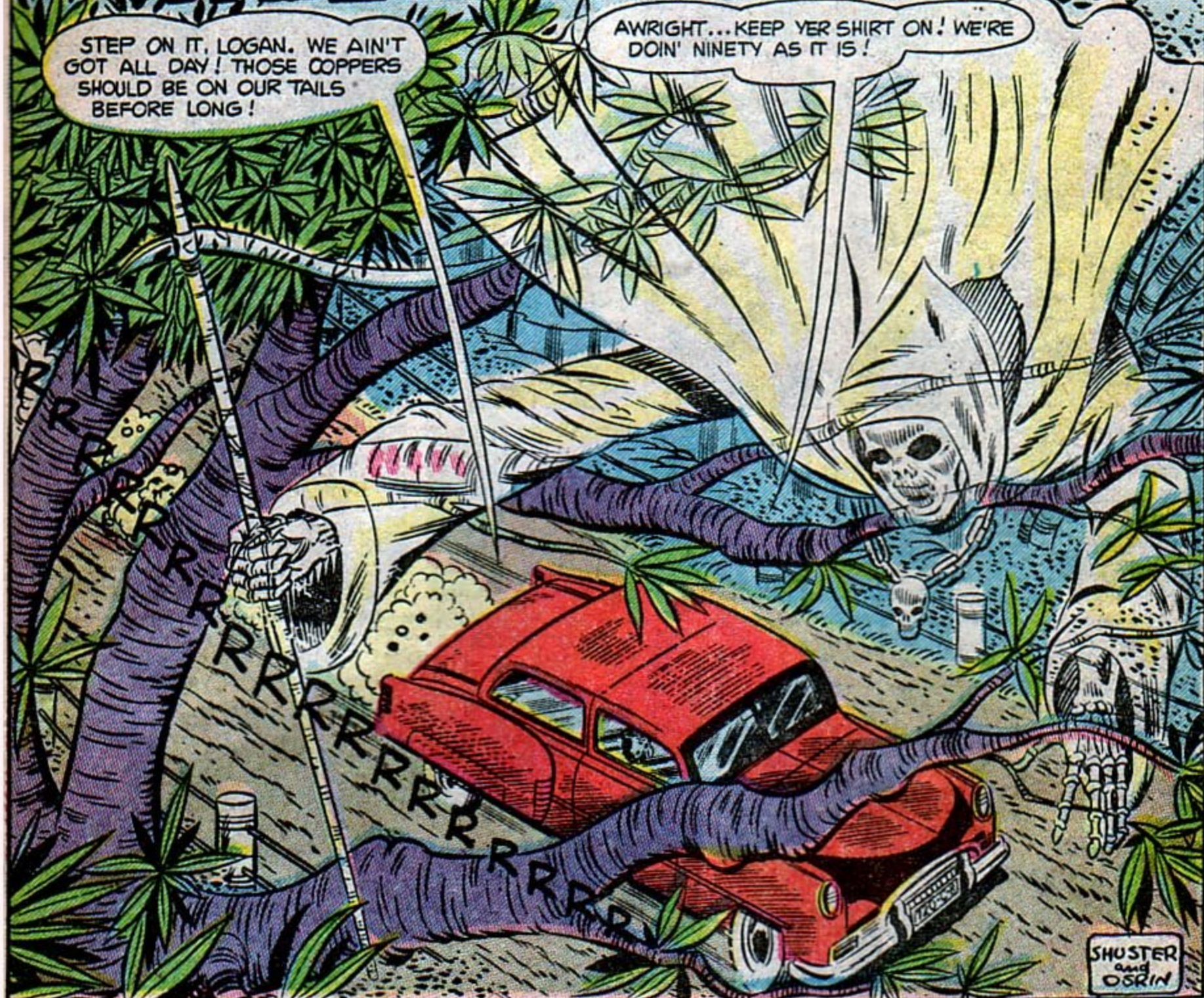
FOR HE IS ONLY A TSETSE FLY, WHOSE RANDOM BITE SAVED THE PLOTTERS BY INFECTING YUSIF WITH SLEEPING SICKNESS!
THE END

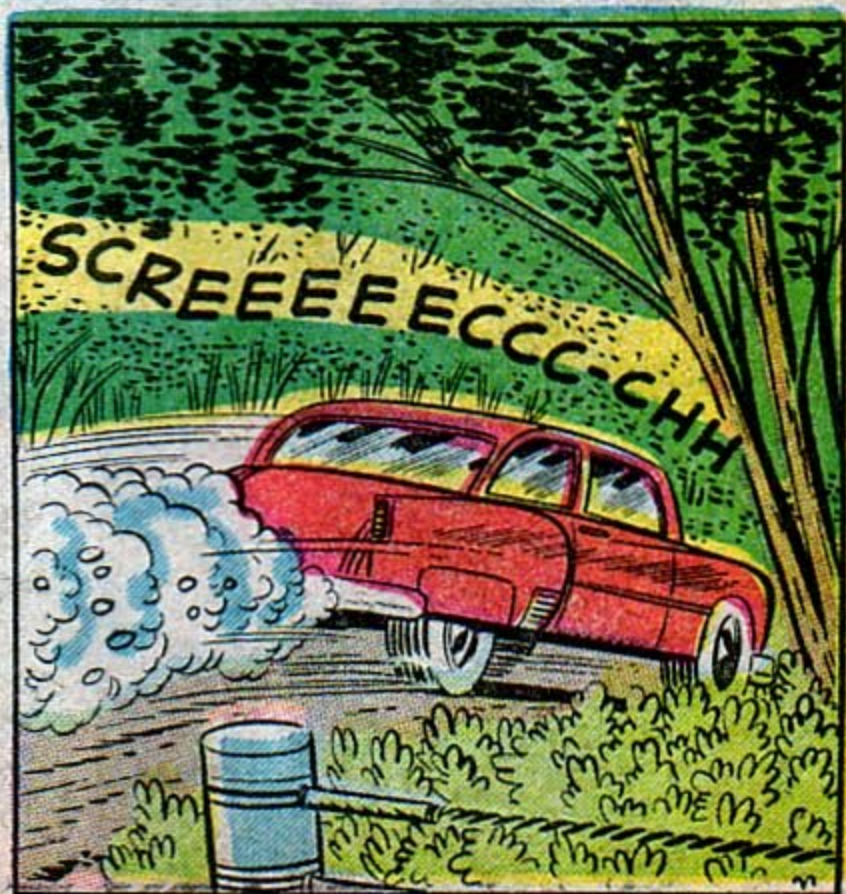
THEY WERE COLD-BLOODED KILLERS---AND THEY HAD PULLED OFF A SUCCESSFUL BANK JOB. BOTH WOULD BE MILLIONAIRES. BOTH WOULD HAVE EVERYTHING THEY WANTED---EXCEPT THAT FATE STEPPED IN AND LET THEM KILL THEMSELVES, IN...

THE WELL OF FEAR!

STEP ON IT, LOGAN. WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! THOSE COPPERS SHOULD BE ON OUR TAILS BEFORE LONG!

AWRIGHT... KEEP YER SHIRT ON! WE'RE DOIN' NINETY AS IT IS!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

SHUSTER and OSRIN

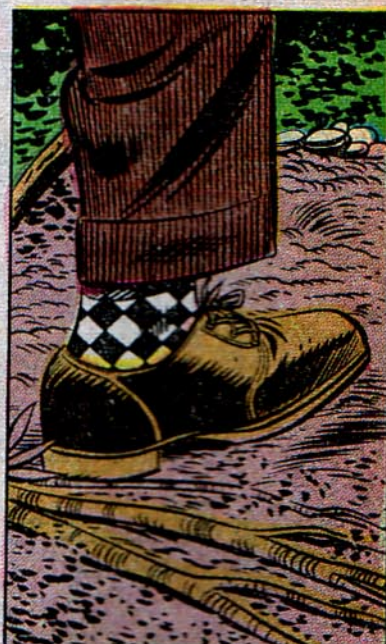
DUKE LOGAN AND NORM SELLIS WERE THE BEST BANK SPECIALISTS IN THE UNDERWORLD. THIS WAS THEIR LAST JOB---A JOB WELL WORTH THE EFFORT. TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN CURRENCY HAD BEEN HEISTED FROM THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK. AND NOW THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO EASY STREET..

THE GETAWAY CAR TURNED SHARPLY AND HEADED UP A NARROW DIRT ROAD AT THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, COMPLETELY COVERED BY DENSE WOODS. SECONDS LATER, THE TWO ROBBERS FLED THE VEHICLE--CARRYING THEIR PARAPHERNALIA WITH THEM...

C'MON, LET'S LAM IT BEFORE THOSE SQUAD CARS GET HERE!

MAKE SURE YOU GOT EVERYTHING. DON'T LEAVE NO EVIDENCE LYIN' AROUND!

EEEEEEEEEEEE

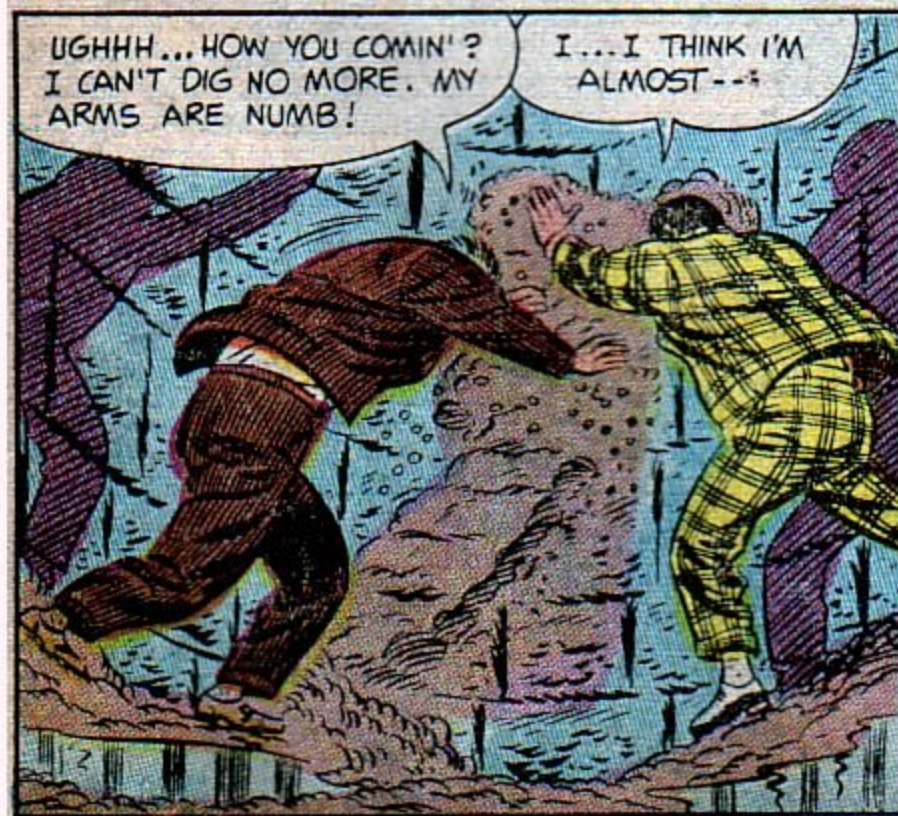
AND SECONDS AFTERWARDS, AS THEY RAN ACROSS THE FIELD...

IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT FATE DECIDED TO DEAL WITH THEM. FOR AS NORM SELLIS' FOOT DESCENDED ON A CERTAIN MOUND IN THE CENTER OF THE FIELD...

I'LL STAND ON YOUR SHOULDERS AND LIFT MY WAY OUT! WE'LL BE OUTTA HERE IN SECONDS!
WAIT A MOMENT, SELLIS! THAT'S NOT THE WAY I FIGGERED IT!

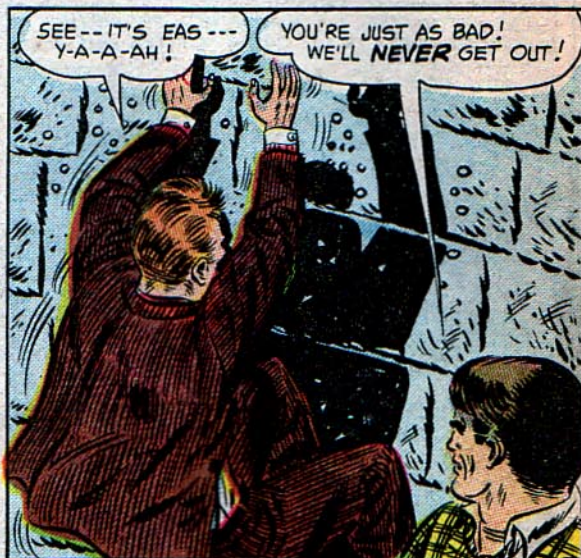
I'LL STAND ON YOUR SHOULDERS. THEN ONCE I'M OUT, I'LL THROW DOWN THIS ROPE AND PULL YA OUT!
VERY SHREWD! VERY SMART!

BUT--NO DICE, KID. I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES! WHAT'S TO STOP YA FROM LEAVIN' ME HERE TO ROT? UH-UH--NO CAN DO!
YOU NUTS OR SOME-THING? I TOLD YA BEFORE...WE SHARE AN' SHARE ALIKE!

WE SHARE ALIKE, ALL RIGHT--BUT I JUST AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES!
OKAY! THEN WE GOTTA THINK O' SOME OTHER WAY O' GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

SO THE TWO MEN WORKED FURIOUSLY INTO THE BLACK OF NIGHT...WITH BUT ONE THOUGHT...ESCAPE!
UGHHH...HOW YOU COMIN'? I CAN'T DIG NO MORE. MY ARMS ARE NUMB!
I...I THINK I'M ALMOST--

AGHG-HHH!
OOOF!

YA STUPID NUMBSKULL! YOU AN' YOUR BUTTER-FINGERS! GET UP THERE AGAIN!
AW--SHADDUP! NO ONE CAN GET OUTTA HERE! GO AHEAD--- YOU TRY IT!

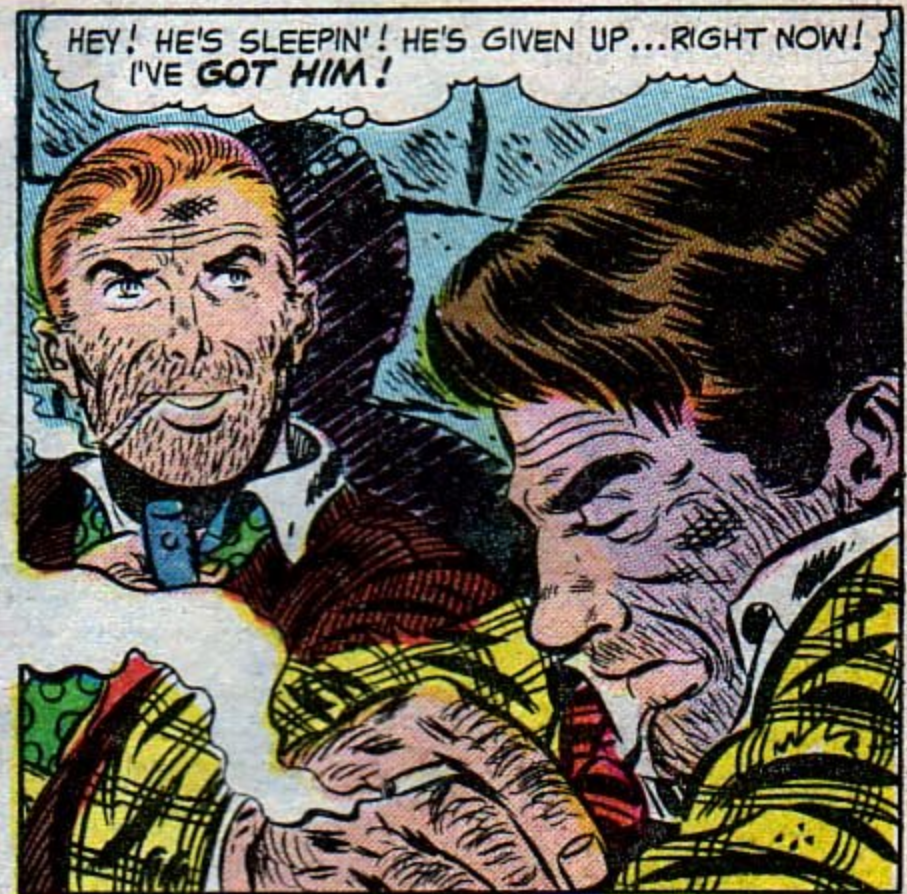
SEE--IT'S EAS--- Y-A-A-AH!
YOU'RE JUST AS BAD! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT!

MIDNIGHT CAME-- AND THE STARS WINKED OUTSIDE, COLD AND TEMPTING. BUT INSIDE AN ICE-COLD WELL WERE TWO MEN WHO HAD CHANGED INTO BEASTS OF PREY EYEING EACH OTHER...
HE COULD HELP ME OUT. I COULD TELL HIM HE COULD KEEP THE DOUGH WITH HIM UNTIL I GOT HIM OUT. THEN I'D LET HIM STARVE!
I'D GET OUT FIRST. THEN I'D MAKE LIKE I'M HELPING HIM OUT. AFTER HE STARVED TO DEATH IN THE WELL, I'D COME BACK AND GET THE LOOT!

WHY WAIT ALL THAT TIME? WHY NOT JUST BUMP HIM OFF?

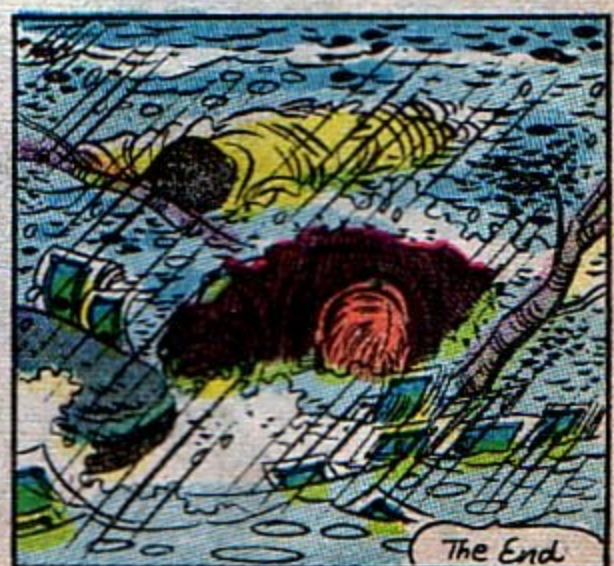
ALL I'D HAVE TO DO IS PUMP HIM FULL OF LEAD! SIMPLE! THEN I'D USE HIS BODY AS A LADDER AND CLIMB OUT!

IT'D BE SO SIMPLE! I'LL GET HIM NOW--WHEN HE'S NOT LOOKING---
YOUR HAND ITCHY OR SOMETHING?
4

BUT THE TWO HOODS **DIDN'T** SLEEP!...

DAYS WENT BY---AND STILL NO ESCAPE--FOR EACH MAN FELL ASLEEP DURING THE SAME TIME. FATE WATCHED, RELENTLESS--WAITING--WAITING...

STEALTHILY, TAKING OUT A SWITCH-KNIFE, SELLIS CRAWLED OVER TO THE SLEEPING MAN. MUSCLES TENSE, HEART POUNDING, MOUTH WATERING WITH EAGERNESS...

BUT AS THE EMACIATED SHADOW OF THE HOOD FELL ON THE SLEEPING MAN...

ONE DAY AFTERWARDS--HIGH UP IN THE HEAVENS--- A BLACK CLOUD APPEARED. MOMENTS LATER, A RUMBLING INCREASED TO A FURIOUS ROAR, INTERRUPTED BY BURSTS OF THUNDERBOLTS AND FLASHES OF LIGHTNING-

DEAR READERS ... THANKS FOR YOUR HUNDREDS OF ANSWERS TO HELP END OUR 4-PAGE QUIZ, **SURPRISE PACKAGE**, WHICH APPEARED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF *"STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES."* THE ONE WE SELECTED AS BEST WAS SENT IN BY MARY LOU WACHTEL, c/o OSGOOD, HEREFORD, TEXAS. THE $10 PRIZE IS ON ITS WAY TO YOU, MARY LOU!

MARY LOU WACHTEL'S SOLUTION TO....

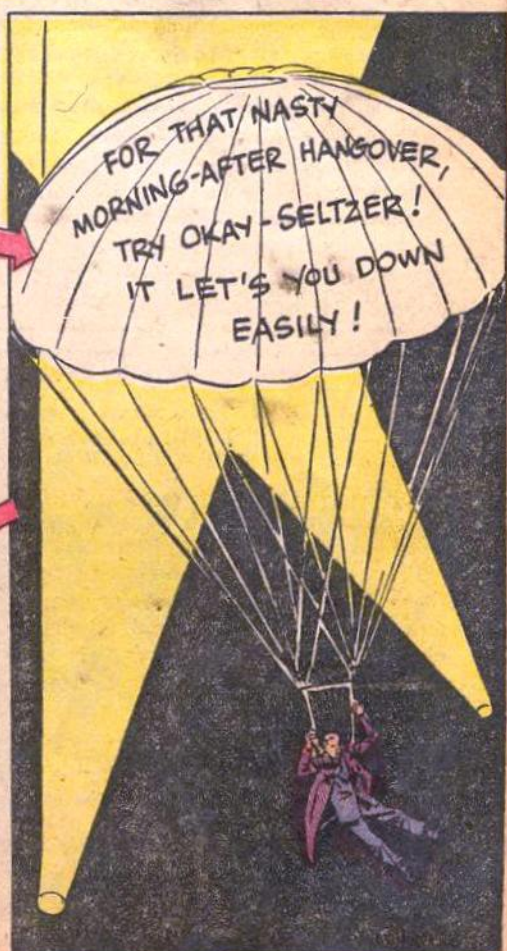
SURPRISE PACKAGE

C-COME BACK, MISTER... **SUICIDE** ISN'T THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEMS! B-BESIDES... THERE'S A DEADLY PACKAGE IN YOUR COAT POCKET! I PUT IT THERE MYSELF... A MINIATURE ATOM BOMB THAT'LL BLOW THE CITY SKY-HIGH WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND!

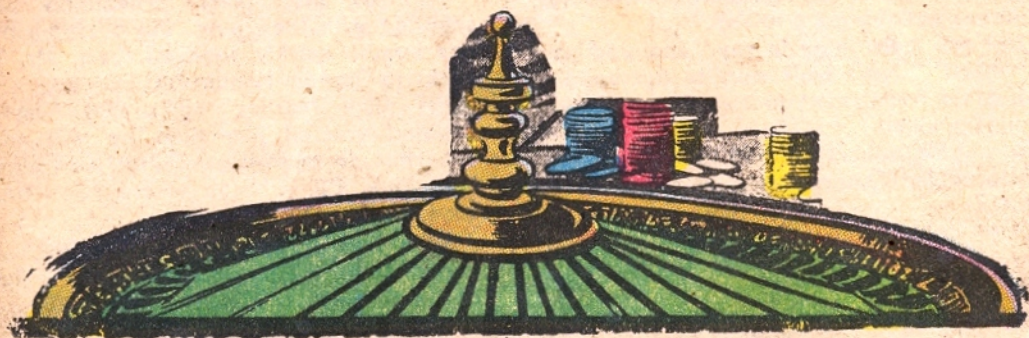
HUH?

GUSTAV PERRIN HAS STOLEN A DEADLY MINIATURE A-BOMB WHICH IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLOW THE CITY TO SMITHEREENS. PURSUED BY POLICE, HE HIDES THE PACKAGE IN A STRANGER'S COAT IN ORDER TO ESCAPE DETECTION. THEN HE FOLLOWS THE STRANGER TO THE OBSERVATION TOWER OF A SKYSCRAPER, ARRIVING IN TIME TO SEE THE MAN PLUNGE DOWNWARDS, WITH THE LETHAL SURPRISE PACKAGE!

D-DON'T JUST STAND THERE... MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO TO SAVE THE CITY! D-DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND...?

THERE'S SOMETHING **YOU** DON'T UNDERSTAND, PAL! QUICK.. OVER TO THE RAILING!

POOR BEFUDDLED GUSTAV PERRIN WAS LED TREMBLING FROM THE OBSERVATION TOWER.

A THOUSAND FEET BELOW, IN THE STREET...

SAM THE SEER

The halls of the Federal Building were crowded with reporters and photographers. And the air was filled with cigar and cigarette smoke. Joe Peterson of the Herald-News was talking to one of his fellow reporters.

"Sam has been in there for more than two hours. I know he will talk. That's what he told me he would do last week. But they won't believe him. Yet, what can they do? Either Sam is the world's greatest liar or he is a miracle man. Go take your choice. He says he can look into the future. Now tell me boys, has he ever made a wrong prediction?"

Seated before the members of the Special Grand Jury was a stout middle-aged man. He was completely bald, and his face was full. Maybe he had a neck, but it wasn't visible. In his youth, Sam Snittleman had been a wrestler. There was something about him that was peculiar, but you just couldn't put your finger on it. Special Prosecutor Wilbert K. Reynolds was talking to the star witness.

"Every time a raid was arranged on any of your gambling establishments, you seemed to have wind about it. Did you bribe any of our men?"

"No," replied Sam Snittleman. "I don't have to bribe anybody to know what is going to happen. I just peep into the future. You want me to tell you something? You and Captain Henderson are planning a raid on my Jefferson Street joint next Wednesday night at 11:30. Don't waste your time and pull the raid. You won't find any evidence in that place."

There was a deadly silence in that room as those words were spoken. One look at the red face of the prosecutor, and you could see the witness had spoken the truth. The Honorable Frank Delaney, chairman of the grand jury, arose from his seat.

"Mr. Snittleman," he began' "we have all heard about your so-called ability to foresee the future. Assuming for the moment that such a gift were possible, just why were you chosen to have it?"

The witness looked at the members of the Grand Jury and then sighed. They too, like the others, would refuse to believe him.

"I have told the story hundreds of times," he began. "You must have read it in the papers. I was driving my car more than a hundred miles an hour. It cracked up, and I was thrown out of it. Not a scratch on me. But from that moment on something happened to me. I became a seer. I could peep into the future. So I used my ability to gamble on all events from horse racing to even the stock market. But I like sports, so my money goes on boxing events, baseball and basketball games. I don't have to fix a race. I know what is going to happen. You fellows think I run a lot of gambling places. How can they be gambling places if I can't lose a cent? I haven't cheated my Uncle Sam. Last year I paid income taxes on thirty-million dollars. All income was listed as gains on investments."

The chairman wasn't satisfied with that answer. And then Sam Snittleman smiled. He had something more to say.

"You know why this jury was called? Just to scare my boys into thinking I would talk. But you are all wrong. None of my boys are crooks. They are all nice college boys who work for me. But the rats think I have something on them. Slim Rono is head of the Mid-Western Syndicate. They handle dope. He thinks I know all about him and will talk. So when I leave this place I will be killed. A burst of machine gun fire will finish me and turn me into a corpse. But don't worry. I'll come back and finish off Slim and his gang."

This was too much for the respectable edu-

cated members of the grand jury to take. And the prosecutor could sense the futility of continuing with the witness.

"The session is over, Mr. Snittleman—unless you have anything more to say."

"Just one more thing to say," snapped back the witness. "Don't walk outside the building down Main Street next to me. Otherwise you too will be killed."

The photographers finished taking their pictures. Sam Snittleman didn't mind posing for them.

"Don't take a left side view of my mug," he would tell them. "Doesn't flatter me at all."

He left the building and walked down Main Street. A black sedan started to pull away from the curb. Suddenly Sam Snittleman saw a familiar figure next to him.

"Get away from here," he shouted to the prosecutor. "They are gunning for me."

Too late was that warning uttered. A machine gun blast mowed down the intended victim and the innocent bystander. Women shouted and screamed as the blast of bullets cut loose from that deadly gun. But not one had enough sense to get the number of the license plate on that black sedan.

Captain Donald Henderson of Homicide was a very puzzled man. He had just come from a conference with the federal authorities to work out a plan of cooperation. Nothing was to be spared to get those killers. And now this unexpected visitor was in his office.

"You said you would help us catch the killers and round up the entire mob. But only on your terms. What do you mean by that, Mr. Vision. There is something familiar about you, but I just can't place it. Perhaps with that beard off your face I might recognize you."

"I want to be present with you when you go out on your raids. The four men in that killer car are at present in a cottage on the Sound. They went there for a rest. You can pick them up this evening."

Mike Martins wasn't a very contented killer as he sat in an easy chair and talked to the other three members of his own gang.

"There's something crazy going on," was his comment. "The radio just announced that a stranger went to the police with information about the car. And they just broadcasted a complete description of each of us. They knew the car was stolen and found it in the old warehouse. I wonder if Slim Rono is handing us a double cross?"

Mike Martins never had a chance to get an answer to that question. A loudspeaker outside blasted forth its message.

"Come out with your hands up, or we'll come in and get you. You have two minutes to make up your mind."

Two of the killers immediately started shooting with their guns. But a couple of tear gas bombs quickly subdued them. Mr. Vision spoke to Captain Henderson.

"If Mike Martins thinks that Slim Rono doubled crossed him then he will confess. Take him down to headquarters and play that line. Then I'll tell you where Rono and his boys are located."

With two of his killers out of commission permanently, the one-time boss of the liquidation mob decided to turn state's evidence. He made a complete confession in detail.

"Sure, Slim Rono hired me to kill that crazy guy who is supposed to look into the future. If he was smart, why didn't he figure out he was going to be killed."

"He did," replied the police officer. "But for some strange reason he walked into death. Maybe it was inevitable. Who knows? Maybe he was trying to save the late Frank Delaney."

Slim Rono was taking a sun bath on his ranch, when one of the boys told him the news.

"The federals and the state boys are blocking off every highway from here."

And then the secretary of the dope king came in with a terrible message.

"Two airplanes will fly overhead. If we try to resist, they will bomb us. I guess we better give up, boss."

The entire mob surrendered and went to trial on various charges. Slim Rono was given the death penalty and died a very bewildered man. Mr. Vision went to see Captain Henderson.

"You aren't Mr. Vision at all," realized the police officer. "You are Sam Snittleman. Either you never were killed or else . . ."

"I returned from the dead," finished the man. "And I am going back to the land of the dead. All my millions will be used to establish a health foundation to rehabilitate dope fiends in memory of my sister."

And, with those words, he just vanished into space. As the puzzled police officer was trying to collect his wits, Joe Peterson of the Herald-News rushed into the office.

"Know what? They just probated the will of Sam Snittleman. Guess what he did with all his dough."

And an opened-mouthed reporter couldn't believe his ears as he heard the reply from the mouth of the police officer.

"He left all his millions to rehabilitate dope fiends in memory of his sister."

The End

CAN A MAN LOVE MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF? PETER NORTH DID, ONLY TO REALIZE THAT ALL HIS EFFORTS WERE IN VAIN. FOR THE EVIL THAT LAY WITHIN HIM DROVE HIM TOWARDS THE DAY WHERE HE WOULD SAY...

THIS BITE IS SWEET!

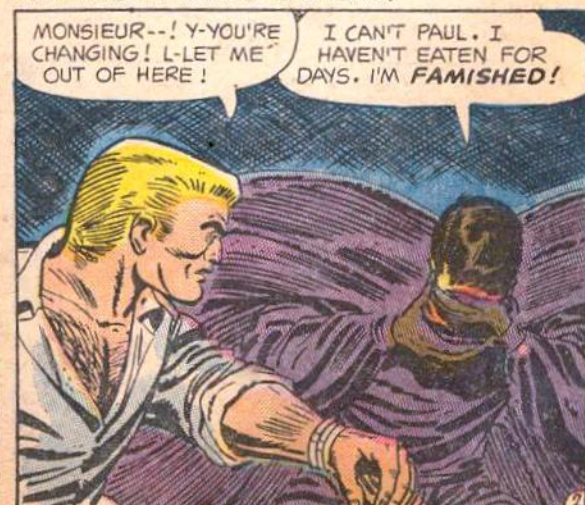
NO! DON'T COME NEAR ME! PLEASE --- AIEEEEEE!!

SCREAMING WILL NOT HELP YOU, MY DEAR. BUT YOU NEED NOT BE TERRIFIED! IT WILL HURT--- **BUT A MOMENT!**

MY NAME IS PETER NORTH. I AM A WRITER OF SOME RENOWN---AND A TRAVELER OF INCESSANT CURIOSITY. LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT ALL BEGAN. I FIRST ARRIVED AT MORREL IN THE PYRENEES DURING THE SUMMER. THE MAYOR GREETED ME...

MORREL GREETED ME WITH OPEN ARMS! IT WASN'T OFTEN THAT A FAMOUS WRITER CAME TO VISIT THEM. BUT MY PURPOSE WAS NOT FOR A REST. I HAD TOLD THE MAYOR ONLY **HALF** THE TRUTH. THAT NIGHT, AT MY INN, I MET THE VILLAGERS...

WE WALKED ALONG TOGETHER FOR QUITE A WHILE UNTIL WE CAME TO THE FOREST. THE FULL MOON HAD REACHED ITS PEAK. I STOPPED...

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. YOUNG PAUL WAS TOO TEMPTING A MORSEL TO IGNORE!

HE TRIED TO STRUGGLE, TO POUND HIS IRON-LIKE FIST AT ME. BUT OF COURSE, I WAS MUCH STRONGER. IT ISN'T EASY FOR **ANY** MORTAL TO BEST A---**VAMPIRE!**

THE BOX WAS MY COFFIN, YOU SEE. SO MY STORY TO THE MAYOR HAD NOT BEEN A LIE! I COLLECTED BLOOD! THAT NEXT AFTERNOON, I MET THE EXCITED MAYOR IN THE SALON OF THE INN...

I KNEW... PAUL... VERY WELL. HIS NECK WAS--- UGHH... I CANNOT TALK ABOUT IT!

PLEASE DON'T CRY MY DEAR. A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU NEEDS PLENTY OF LAUGHTER AND GAIETY!

AND DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, I SAW TO IT THAT MONIQUE AND I DID **EXACTLY** THAT!

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, VAMPIRES ARE LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE. THAT IS, THEY CAN GO OUT DURING THE DAYTIME. BUT OF COURSE, THEY **DO** HAVE ABNORMAL APPETITES. AND **MINE** WAS GROWING AGAIN...

PARDON ME, OLD MAN. CAN YOU TELL ME THE ROAD TO MORREL? I SEEM TO BE LOST!

IT IS NOT FAR FROM HERE. I WILL TELL YOU!

NATURALLY, IT WAS ALL A RUSE. ACTUALLY ALL I WANTED WAS ANOTHER MEAL...

THE TASTE OF HIS BLOOD FILLED ME WITH ECSTACY SUPREME! I WENT HOME, MY JOY BUBBLING OVER! THAT NEXT MORNING, OVER THE BREAKFAST TABLE...

I MANAGED TO EXCUSE MYSELF AND WENT TO MY ROOM. THERE, STUNNED AND DAZED, I COULDN'T ADMIT TO MYSELF THE MISTAKE I HAD MADE! BUT THE FACTS WERE NOT TO BE DENIED. THAT DELICIOUS BLOOD RAN IN HER FAMILY. AND I LOVED MONIQUE...

NEVERTHELESS, I HAD TO KEEP UP A PRETENSE. I ORGANIZED A SEARCH TO CAPTURE THE MURDERER OF THOSE INNOCENTS. AND THE SIMPLE VILLAGERS FELL FOR MY PLAN COMPLETELY...

SO THAT VERY NEXT NIGHT, I STALKED A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE--TO BLOT OUT THE TEMPTATION OF KILLING MONIQUE...

THEY DIDN'T FIND THE VAMPIRE, OF COURSE. AND AFTERWARDS, IN MY ROOM, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY OVER MY RUSE. BUT I WASN'T! MONIQUE NOW WAS THE ONLY ONE LEFT WITH THAT PRECIOUS, DELICIOUS BLOOD. AND SHE MEANT MORE TO ME THAN LIFE ITSELF!

BUT MY BURNING THIRST FOR MONIQUE'S BLOOD STILL CONTINUED UNABATED! THEN ONE NIGHT, WHILE STILL IN MY VAMPIRE'S FORM IN MY ROOM, ONE OF THE INN'S PORTERS OPENED THE DOOR, CATCHING ME BY SURPRISE...

I WONDERED IF HE SAW MY APPEARANCE...

I SAW THE FRIGHT IN THE MAN'S EYES. HE HAD SEEN ME AFTER ALL. I THOUGHT OF MONIQUE---OF OUR LOVE. I OPENED HER NOTE TO READ...

SUDDENLY--I KNEW WHAT TO DO! ALREADY, THE MAN WOULD BE SUMMONING HIS FELLOWS. MONIQUE WAITED DOWN BELOW. I OPENED THE WINDOW INSTANTLY...

I'VE CAUGHT THE VAMPIRE, MONIQUE. COME UP HERE QUICKLY! TAKE A LARGE WOODEN STAKE FROM THE STOVE AND DRIVE IT INTO THE CREATURE THAT LIES INSIDE THE COFFIN!

Y-YES...

I EXERTED EVERY OUNCE OF WILL-POWER TO HYPNOTIZE HER. FOR MONIQUE WOULD NEVER DO THIS OF HER OWN FREE-WILL. I HEARD THE DOOR OPEN...

MONIQUE--I SHALL LOVE YOU--ALWAYS!

SWWIIISHH

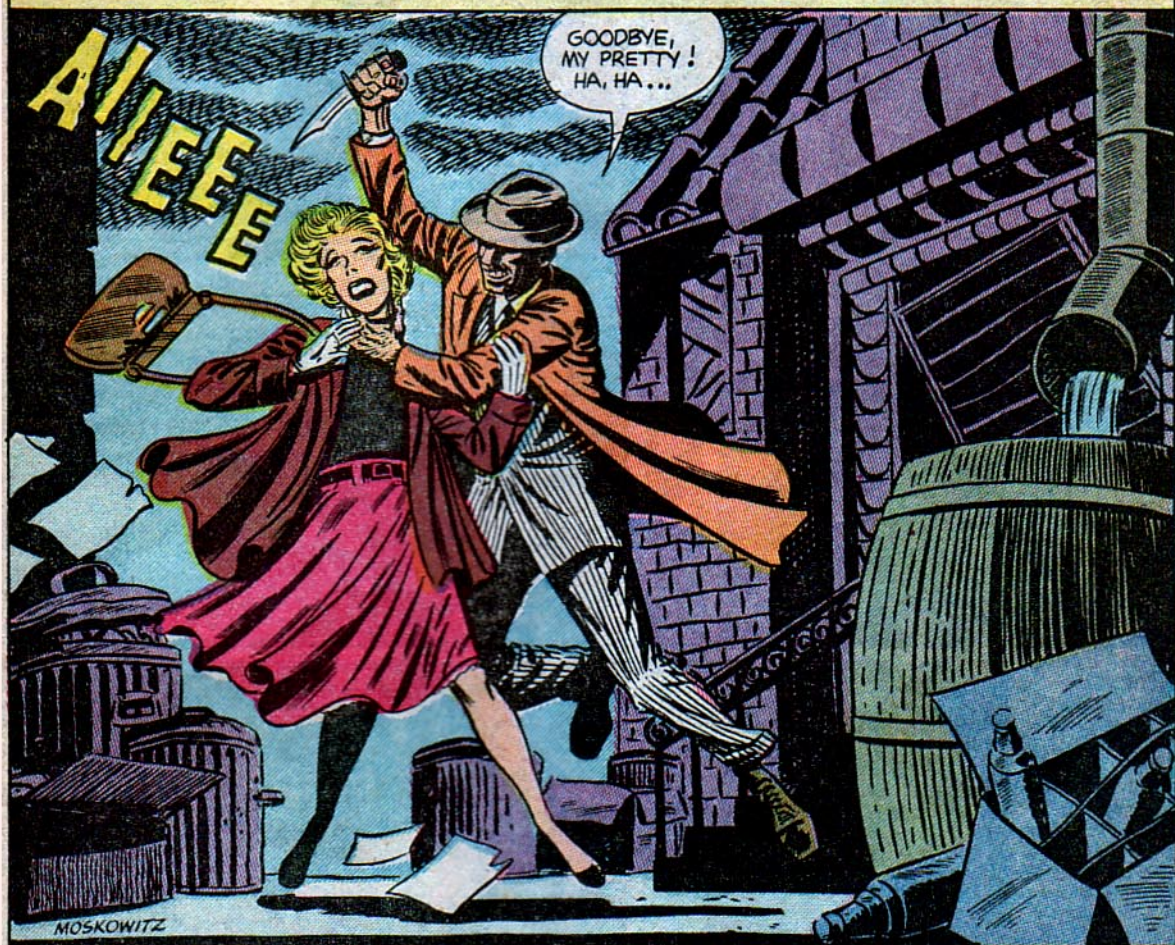
I HAD DECIDED TO DIE, YOU SEE. FOR SOONER OR LATER, I WOULD HAVE KILLED MONIQUE ONCE WE ESCAPED. AND **THAT** WOULD HAVE BEEN **WORSE** THAN DEATH! THE STAKE IS COMING DOWN NOW. SOMEDAY--SHE WILL UNDERSTAND. SOMEDAY--SHE WILL PITY ME!

IT WASN'T EASY FOLLOWING A WRAITH THAT LEFT MURDER IN ITS WAKE. BUT WHAT MADE IT TWICE AS HARD WAS THE WAY IT LEFT TANTALIZING CLUES FOR DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT BAIRD TO TRACE---ONLY TO VANISH IN THIN AIR. BUT SOONER OR LATER IT HAD TO BE CAUGHT---AND WHEN IT WAS---IT WOULD LEAVE---

THE MARK OF THE RIPPER!

AIIEEEE

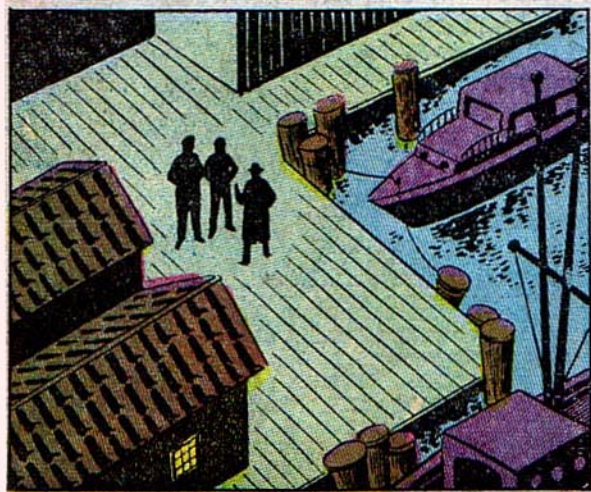
GOODBYE, MY PRETTY! HA, HA...

MOSKOWITZ

THIS WAS THE RIPPER--A MYSTERIOUS PHANTOM THAT STRUCK IN THE DARK OF NIGHT AND LEFT TERROR AND TRAGEDY BEHIND! WHO IT WAS---WHERE IT CAME FROM--WHY IT KILLED--WAS A MYSTERY!

OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE RIPPER HAD COME--TO STRIKE! THE POLICE COULD ONLY PATIENTLY SIFT OUT ALL THE CLUES--AND WAIT...

SO, DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT BAIRD BEGAN A BAR-TO-BAR SURVEY OF TAVERNS THAT WERE POSSIBLE SOURCES FOR THE RIPPER'S WHEREABOUTS...

THAT FAILING, HE TRIED TENEMENT HOUSES, STORES, WATERFRONT HANGOUTS---

UNTIL ONE NIGHT--HE UNCOVERED THE STRONGEST CLUE IN THE CASE!

SUDDENLY---!
EEEEEEE!

THE RIPPER!
HELP! HELP ME-- PLEASE!

URGH!
THAT'S THE END OF YOU!

BUT HOURS LATER AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS..

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, BAIRD— BUT WE DON'T HAVE THE RIPPER. HE HAS ALIBIS FOR EVERY MURDER INCIDENT!

THEN I'LL KEEP ON LOOKING TILL I FIND HIM!

THIS TIME, HOWEVER, BAIRD HAD COMPANY ---!

SOMEONE'S BEHIND ME! I'LL PRETEND I HAVEN'T SPOTTED HIM!

HE'S FOLLOWED ME TO MY DOOR!--PROBABLY THINKS I HAVEN'T HEARD HIM. ALL RIGHT--- I'LL PLAY ALONG ---
CLOP
CLOP

AND LEAVING THE DOOR AJAR, BAIRD WAITED TENSELY...
THERE HE IS! I'VE GOT HIM AT LAST...RIGHT IN MY OWN HOUSE!

LIKE A SAVAGE TIGER, BAIRD SPRANG!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS A LONG TIME, RIPPER!

UGHH!! ..LET GO!
NOT TILL I CHOKE YOUR LIFE OUT OF YOU! YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!

THEN, AS HE FLICKED ON THE LIGHTS...
--THE CHIEF! HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED ME HERE--! BUT WHY--? HE'S NOT THE RIPPER AT ALL!

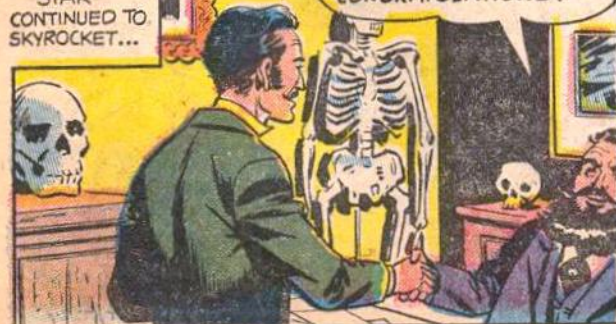
SUDDENLY---THERE CAME INSANE, MOCKING LAUGHTER...
HE'S HERE! I KNOW HE'S HERE! I CAN HEAR HIM LAUGHING! WHERE ARE YOU, RIPPER?
HA HA HA

HA, HA, HA, HA... THE RIPPER!
AND THEN - BAIRD SAW THE FACE IN THE MIRROR--A FACE FROM WHICH SPITTLE DROOLED--HIGHLIGHTING THE STARK INSANITY THAT HAD SLUMBERED SO LONG--A FACE WHICH LOOKED TO HIS LAST REMAINING SECONDS OF SANITY---AS---HIS OWN!
THE END

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

IN 1860, WHEN YOUNG DR. HURTT JOINED THE STAFF OF THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, AN ANATOMY INSTRUCTOR'S POPULARITY DEPENDED UPON HIS SUPPLY OF FRESH CADAVERS FOR CLASSROOM SURGERY. THAT WAS WHY SUCCESS-HUNGRY DR. HURTT TURNED THE TASK OF PROCURING CORPSES OVER TO HIS OMINOUS ***RECRUITING AGENTS*** WITH THE PROVISO THAT THERE'D BE...

WITHIN A MONTH AFTER JOINING THE FACULTY AT THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, DR. HURTT WAS THE TALK OF THE SCHOOL...

THE MONTHS PASSED AND, AS MORE PUPILS FLOCKED TO HIS LECTURES, DR. HURTT'S STAR CONTINUED TO SKYROCKET...

BUT THE YOUNG PROFESSOR'S TRIUMPH WAS SHORT-LIVED. FOR, A MOMENT LATER, IN HIS OFFICE...

B-BUT YOU **MUST** ALLOW ME MORE TIME TO RAISE THE MONEY, MARTIN! I... I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO...

ONE MORE MONTH, JACK HURTT...THEN I GO TO THE AUTHORITIES! ***ONE MORE MONTH***... NOT A MINUTE MORE!

HIS BRAIN A WHIRL OF PLANS TO ATTEND TO MARTIN, DR. HURTT STARTED FOR HOME, WHEN...

ME AND JOE DAILEY NEEDS A LEETLE MONEY, GUV'NOR...WE BOTH GOT AN INTOL'ABLE THIRST! SORT OF ON ACCOUNT, YOU MIGHT SAY! GIVE US AN ADVANCE AND WE'LL DELIVER A CORPSE TO THE LAB FIRST THING TOMORROW.

THE DOCTOR'S AGENTS DID GO TO WORK IMMEDIATELY ...ON SEVERAL PINTS OF DARK ALE AND BITTERS...

STREETS IS AWFULLY DESERTED TONIGHT, BILL! YOU THINK WE'LL HAVE TO DIG UP A GRAVE... LIKE THE DOCTOR THINKS WE ALWAYS DO?

PATIENCE, BILL..THAT'S WHAT PROVIDES THE DOC WITH PATIENTS! KEEP GOING!

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE FOG-SHROUDED BACK STREETS...
GET OUT OF MY WAY, LOUT... BEFORE I... AGHHHH!!

A MONTH PASSED AND, WHILE THE OTHER SURGEONS WONDERED ABOUT THE SOURCE OF DR. HURTT'S CORPSES, HIS REPUTATION CONTINUED TO BOOM. THEN..
AND I'VE NOMINATED YOU FOR THE POST OF ASSISTANT DEAN, HURTT! THE ROYAL INSPECTORS WILL BE HERE TOMORROW TO WATCH A DISSECTION DEMONSTRATION... PASS IT AND YOU'RE IN!

EXCUSING HIMSELF HURRIEDLY, DR. HURTT RACES ACROSS TOWN TO...
LOOK WHO'S HERE, JOE ...IT'S THE GUV'NOR HISSELF!
QUICK... I MUST SPEAK TO YOU... PUFF... IN SECRECY. I VISITED HALF THE PUBS IN LONDON BEFORE I FOUND THIS HOLE! HURRY!

FARNUM... DAILEY... YOU UNDERSTAND ME? IT'S DESPERATE! A CORPSE MUST BE DELIVERED TO MY LABORATORY BY MIDNIGHT SO I CAN PREPARE IT FOR TOMORROW'S DEMONSTRATION! I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU GET IT!
AN EMERGENCY, EH? I THINK IT'S WORTH DOUBLE PRICE.... DON'T YOU?

REMEMBER... I MUST HAVE THAT CADAVER ON MY LAB TABLE BY MIDNIGHT! AND I ASK NO QUESTIONS ABOUT WHERE THE BODY COMES FROM... OR WHO IT IS! HERE... YOU'RE BOTH RUTHLESS THIEVES!
WORSE, GUV'NOR... HEH HEH... WORSE!

SATISFIED THAT HIS AGENTS WOULD TAKE CARE OF HIS GROTESQUE DELIVERY, DR. HURTT HURRIED BACK TO HIS OFFICE, WHERE...
M-MARTIN ...WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'VE COME FOR MY MONEY... EITHER PAY ME OR I GO STRAIGHT TO THE AUTHORITIES! IT'S DUE TONIGHT... I WANT NO MORE SHILLY-SHALLYING!

ALMOST MIDNIGHT...THE STREETS COMPLETELY DESERTED! OVER HERE, FAR FROM THE SCHOOL, IS THE BEST PLACE TO STRIKE! I RID MYSELF OF A MORTAL ENEMY.. ..AND MY LABORATORY WILL HAVE **TWO** FRESH CORPSES FOR THE DEMONSTRATION TOMORROW MORNING!

AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN A REEKING ALLEY CLOSE BY...

WHILE FARNUM AND DAILEY WAIT TO POUNCE UPON **THEIR** VICTIM...

TWO CADAVERS FOR TOMORROW'S DEMONSTRATION...IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST THING IN THE HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE! NOW... **NOW**...BROTHER, WHAT A PLEASURE!

THAT SAVAGE KNIFE-THRUST...DID IT MEAN THE END OF MARTIN? WAS DR. HURTT RIGHT ABOUT THE PRES-ENCE OF **TWO** CORPSES ON HIS LABORATORY TABLE? SEND **YOUR** IDEA OF THE CONCLUSION OF THIS STORY TO ALFRED V. FAGO, 1472 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y., THE BEST SYNOPSIS WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF **STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES**, WITH FULL CREDIT TO THE WINNER...PLUS **$10 IN CASH!**

Why Just WISH
for the Things You Want?
MAKE EXTRA MONEY
It's Easy–Fast–and FUN, Too!
Use Your Spare Time Pleasantly To Make $50.00, $100.00 or More Showing These Exclusive Big-Value
Wallace Brown Christmas Cards
Why not do as thousands of other folks do? No need to wish for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. Among this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here . . . the sensational, big-value 21 card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the gay and clever Merry Christmas Comics Assortment. They sell for only $1.00 each and you make up to 50c profit on each box!
Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!
You need no experience . . . and you have so much to offer to bring you extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Golden Parchment, the delightful Christmas Velvet, exquisite Scripture-Text Religious Assortment, beloved Currier and Ives scenes . . . Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of exquisite Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Napkins and many novelty Gift items! They all spell Extra Money for you!
SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples
See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.
—Raise money! Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift Items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of fund-raising plan and actual sample assortment on approval.
MERRY Christmas COMICS
HUMOROUS ASSORTMENT $1.00
21 CARD FEATURE ASSORTMENT $1.00
Popular Priced PERSONALS too!
ACTUAL SAMPLES FREE!
GREETINGS
The Wilkersons
Make even more money! Nothing else like them anywhere—four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards . . . distinctive styling, low prices . . . for every purse and taste . . . Traditional, Religious, Cute, Formal, Currier and Ives . . . exclusive designs, luxury papers, including rich, deep-toned Suedes and genuine Parchment Cards. They sell on sight! WE DELIVER DIRECT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS AND WE PAY POSTAGE. Coupon brings you Actual Samples FREE.
WALLACE BROWN, INC. 225 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. S-123 NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK
Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples. SEND NO MONEY
WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. S-123
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, Free Samples of Special Value "Personals" and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown big-profit line.
Name
Address
City & Zone
State
( ) Check here for Organization Plan

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was
IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!
I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!
I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%
I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!
I won NEW POPULARITY Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS
BEFORE
Hi Pal! Win $100 as I just did!
How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE
BEFORE $1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for $1
"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles," says John Sill.
GET ALL 5 FREE
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST By GEORGE F. JOWETT
1
"I added 7 inches to my CHEST 3 inches to each ARM," says Jobie Jackson
2
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM By GEORGE F. JOWETT
3
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK By GEORGE F. JOWETT
4
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP By GEORGE F. JOWETT
5
HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS By GEORGE F. JOWETT
"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"
You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.
Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.
YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!
JIM NORMAN
AFTER
He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland
BEFORE
He Mailed Coupon
90 lb. Skeleton
He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle
COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME
NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?
"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus
Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!
YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.
Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book
You'll LOOK, FEEL ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.
AMAZING SECRETS How to WIN MUSCLES like IRON NERVES of STEEL
PHOTO BOOK
This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN $100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)
Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!
LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON
1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER 3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
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Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.
"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN" R. F. Kelley Physical Director
JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs "Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).
NAME AGE
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE
SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

HELLO, BOB-HAVE YOU FOUND THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?
GIVEN!
BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU CASH! OR PREMIUMS!
HECK NO! THERE'S NO TREASURE DOWN HERE!
WE TRUST YOU!
LOOK! LIVE PONY!
Yessiree, a real, live Pony for your very own. Just send for BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.
School Boxes, Radios, Fishing Kits.
ACT NOW! Mail coupon.
Boys and Girls Wrist Watches. Mail coupon.
Bluebird Clocks, Roasters, Blankets. Mail coupon!
BE FIRST
.22 Cal. Rifles, Archery Sets, Blankets, Skates, Dolls,
WHADDAYA WASTIN' YOUR TIME DOWN THERE FOR? LOOK AT MY NEW TREASURES!
GOSH, SAM! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?
WHAT SAM TOLD THEM
- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, WE GIVE YOU A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!
FINE! I'LL TAKE 2 BOXES, SAM -
Telescopes, Wallets, Wagons. Mail coupon.
ACT NOW
BOY! ALL THOSE SWELL PREMIUMS AS EASY AS THAT!
HURRY! LET'S SEND IN OUR COUPONS RIGHT AWAY!
THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! IT'S AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!
ACT FAST!
Swim Masks, Flashlights, Cameras, Dresser Sets, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles, Bibles.
LET'S GO!
MAIL COUPON NOW!
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
YOU GET BIG CATALOG
Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Billfolds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines, Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players, Roller Skates, Telescopes.
WE TRUST YOU!
OUR 59th YEAR!
R.T.
Boys' and Girls' Bicycles, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Blankets, Bibles, Watches. Get BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.
Blankets, Bibles, Skates, Dolls, Mail coupon.
ACT NOW!
MAIL NOW!
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. C99, Tyrone, Pa. Date
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.
NAME AGE
ST. R. D. BOX
TOWN ZONE NO. STATE
PRINT LAST NAME HERE
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today
OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL